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THE

ANTI-CORSICAN,

A

POEM.

280 1. 57

Elisabeth Ridley
Bath

THE

ANTI-CORSICAN,

A

Poem,

IN THREE CANTOS;

INSCRIBED TO THE

VOLUNTEERS of GREAT-BRITAIN.

Vincit AMOR PATRIÆ ——

—— *et* NOS *cedamus* AMORI.

VIRGIL.

EXETER:

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1805.

TO

THE VOLUNTEERS OF GREAT-BRITAIN,

WHO HAVE NOBLY STEPPED FORTH

TO PROTECT THEIR COUNTRY

FROM THE THREATENED

INVASION

OF A BLOOD-THIRSTY AND AMBITIOUS

FOE,

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED,

BY

THEIR WARM ADMIRER,

AND FELLOW-PATRIOT,

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE AUTHOR hopes, on account of his youth, to obtain indulgence for the following POEM, written during the laſt Midſummer vacation of *Midhurſt School.*—As he has now quitted this Seminary, he takes the earlieſt opportunity of publicly acknowledging his many and great obligations to its head Maſter, the Rev. JOHN WOOL; whoſe ſound erudition, unremitted attention, and ſuavity of temper, muſt ever entitle him to the Reſpect and Love of his Pupils.—To Mr. WOOL the Author may with propriety addreſs himſelf in the words of HORACE,

"Quod placeo *(ſi placeo)* TUUM eſt."

EXMOUTH, MARCH 16, 1805.

CANTO I.

WHILST WAR, in ſavage lux'ry, has unfurl'd
His blood-ſtain'd banner o'er a ſuff'ring world;
Whilſt Tyranny uprears his iron hand,
And graſps convulſive at BRITANNIA'S LAND;
Shall ev'ry Muſe, confounded by the ſight,
Shun the dire ſcene, and check her Seraph-flight?
Her honeſt rage repreſs, nor dare defy
The TYRANT'S gloomy frown and glaring eye?
Shall ſhe not rather bid her thunders roll,
And ſtrike conviction to his guilty ſoul?
Shall ſhe not rather every thought reveal,
And ſhew that BRITONS ſpeak what BRITONS feel?

But can an humble Bard, unknown to Fame,
Who boaſts no MILTON'S force, no HOMER'S flame—
Can he, preſumpt'ous, ſweep the ſounding ſtring,
Infernal deeds of darkeſt hue to ſing?
Yes—tho' unmeet from ignorance and youth,
Still ſhall he riſe, upheld by conſcious truth;

Shall, with his theme advent'rous, dare to ſoar,
And honeſt ſtrains from free-born feelings pour.
So ſhall the pleaſing hope, the fond deſire
To join the Poet's with the Patriot's fire,
Urge his extatic flight to Fame's bright goal,
And ev'ry fear, and ev'ry doubt controul.

Thus, when an Alpine Wanderer deſcries
Mountains o'er mountains in wild grandeur riſe,
Views giant-cliffs his eager ſteps oppoſe,
(Their cloud-capt heads bleach'd with eternal ſnows,)
The thoughts of Home a cheering throb impart,
The thoughts of Home revive his palſied heart,
Strengthen each nerve, each frozen ſinew warm,
And ſeas of ice to verdant vales transform.

In vain the Poet woos the Heav'n-born fire,
In vain, with daring hand, he ſweeps the lyre,
In vain invokes the Muſe's ſecret aid,
Explores her haunts, and courts Parnaſſian ſhade,
If Freedom favour not the ſtrain divine,
Mature each thought, and glow in each warm line.—

Tranſcendant

Tranſcendant Freedom, hail! propitious ſmile,
And bleſs thy youthful Vot'ry's pleaſing toil!
Let thy pure ſpirit, like the orb of day,
Diffuſe its genial warmth thro' ev'ry lay;
Let manly ardour ev'ry verſe inſpire,
And fill each languid ſtrain with patriot-fire!
So ſhall the Muſe her honeſt zeal impart
To ev'ry Council, and to ev'ry Heart,
Impel each BRITON to the field of Fame,
And make him emulate the ROMAN name.

Happy the Nation o'er whoſe favour'd Land
Fair Liberty has wav'd her bliſsful wand;
Has fix'd Religion's Empire, and reſtor'd
To THEMIS' hand the balance and the ſword;
Has taught the Prince, with all a Parent's zeal,
His People's joys, and e'en their griefs to feel;
Has taught the Subject to revere the laws,
And draw th' avenging blade in Virtue's cauſe;
This lot is *Albion's*——Freedom's fav'rite Iſle!
Plenty and Happineſs around thee ſmile;
O'er thee a Monarch reigns—What Land can bring
A Monarch Rival to BRITANNIA's King?

Who, lov'd by all, to all his love imparts,
And thinks the nobleſt throne his People's hearts.

Here, dwells Religion, rational and mild,
Not Deſpot-Pow'rs, but ſoft Perſuaſion's Child;
No Bigot-Phrenzy here, immers'd in blood,
Commands conſent to faith not underſtood;
No Inquiſition here, with lawleſs pow'r,
Diſturbs, by cruel threats, Devotion's hour,
Nor makes the Wretch with ſtudied tortures groan
For cheriſhing a tenet not its own:
But pure Religion, here, with placid eye,
Regards Mankind as one vaſt Family;
With love-forbearing ev'ry Sect ſhe views,
E'en Bigot-Papiſts and obdurate Jews;
Whilſt *Britain's* Sons, in conſcious virtue bold,
Explore the fierce extremes of heat and cold,
To chaſe the ſhades of Superſtition's night,
To ſhed the Goſpel's vivifying light,
And guide the Heathen's ſteps thro' fading gloom,
To Realms of endleſs bliſs—to life beyond the tomb.

Here, with mild ſway, impartial Juſtice reigns,
Waves wide the ſword, and ev'ry crime reſtrains;

Th'

Th' Oppreſt relieves, and bows th' oppreſſive Great,
With high-ſwoln pride, and fancied worth elate;
The bribe, the threat, the promiſe, all are vain,
She hears them not, or hears them with diſdain;
Whilſt Fraud retires, and Vice wings ſwift her flight,
To lurk in Regions of congenial night.
Yet Mercy oft', with ſmiles of pity, ſheaths
Th' avenging ſword, ſoft ſighs of pardon breaths,
And bids the Wretch by heart-felt crimes depreſt,
Depart, repent, be virtuous, and be bleſt.

Nor leſs does *Britain* boaſt, in war renown'd,
Her ſinewy Sons, with well-earn'd laurels crown'd;
Some, guide her oaken caſtles o'er the main,
And Tyrant-Pow'r, and Pirate-Fraud reſtrain;
Some, lead her Armies to th' embattled field,
And the death-dealing blade for Freedom wield;
Her fame reſounds from ev'ry diſtant ſhore,
While Nations tremble, wonder, and adore.

But who, by Pleaſure led, can always rove
Thro' vine-clad vallies or the ſpicy grove?

Who, always ſail on tranquil ſummer-ſeas,
Gently impell'd by each refreſhing breeze,
Or always feaſt the never-ſated eye
On flow'ry meadows and an azure ſky?
Full oft' alas! are Mortals doom'd to roam
Thro' dreary deſerts, or the midnight gloom;
Full oft' to ſteer their courſe where whirlwinds ſweep
The lab'ring veſſel o'er the foaming deep;
Full oft' to dwell where alps on alps are hurl'd,
Like the vaſt wrecks of a demoliſh'd world.
Then turn, my Muſe, from *Britain's* favour'd ſhores,
Where Commerce empties all her richeſt ſtores,
O, turn thy raviſh'd eyes, (the change how great!)
To where falſe *Gallia* frowns, with pride elate;
Where, ſtern Oppreſſion rears his barb'rous hand,
Where damning Regicide has ſtain'd the Land,
Where, all is woe!—my Muſe, wing ſwift thy flight,
And plunge my fancy in theſe Realms of night.

Beneath a TYRANT's yoke ſad *Gallia* groans,
But ſtill this TYRANT's pow'r uſurp'd ſhe owns;
Obeys, yet murmurs at each fell decree,
Thunders for freedom, yet will not be free;

Her

Her judgement-ſeats, with tyranny ſevere,
Bid Virtue tremble, and Religion fear;
In vain the mourning Widow ſeeks relief,
In vain the Orphan tells his tale of grief,
In vain the Poor reſent the rich Man's wrong,
In vain the Weak aſk juſtice of the Strong;
The baſe Diſtributers of partial laws
In ſemblance lend an ear to ev'ry cauſe,
Equal the balance ſeems, 'till luring gold
Proclaims the Rich—but why the reſt unfold?—
Enough of *Gallic* Juſtice—Fiend of night,
Avaunt! nor check the ſhudd'ring Muſe's flight!

See! couch'd beneath a ſanctity of mien,
A fair demeanour, and a brow ſerene,
A baleful Monſter ſtalks, w ell known to Fame,
Offspring of *France*—HYPOCRISY his name.
He maſks the conſcience of the Rich and Great,
Pervades the ſenate and the hall of ſtate,
Profanes the Temples of th' immortal LORD,
And uſes, as a ſnare, HIS ſacred word;
In ev'ry crime he bears the foremoſt part,
A Saint in look, a Demon in the heart.

Thus,

Thus, ſome vaſt charnel-houſe its front uprears,
Fair and magnificent its form appears,
But look within—nought meets th' enquiring eye,
Save loathſome relics of mortality.

For HIM, who o'er gigantic *Gallia* reigns,
And loads her Sons with Slav'ry's heavieſt chains,
In him, each diff'rent, daring vice is join'd;—
But let his actions ſpeak his Fiend-like mind.
Learn'd Genealogiſts, declare who can,
From what imperial ſtock proceeds this Man?
Time-honour'd CHARLEMAGNE, does thy rich blood
Pour thro' his veins its pure unſullied flood?
Ye BOURBONS, can NAPOLEON's annals trace
Their courſe illuſt'rous thro' your royal Race?
Ah no! his Mother was AMBITION dire,
And black HYPOCRISY his Hell-born Sire!
This bold ADVENT'RER, while in beardleſs age,
Reſolv'd with all Mankind fierce war to wage,
And ſtrive in arms to emulate the fame
Of Conqu'rors who immortal mem'ry claim;
Too well he ſtrove, too ſoon did he advance
The NERO of appall'd, devoted *France!*

His name ſhall live; Poſterity ſhall know
The hand which wrought deluded *Europe's* woe;
His name ſhall live, for ever live accurſt,
As, of all Deſpots, direſt, greateſt, worſt!

When BARRAS, and his fell Compeers had broke
Diſtracted *Gallia* to their Rebel-yoke,
Strait they reſolv'd to pour her vagrant Bands,
Like a fierce deluge, o'er *Italia's* Lands.
Worn down, diſeas'd, oppreſt by ev'ry woe
That Men could feel, or Tyrants could beſtow,
Theſe hapleſs Bands, dead to each ſenſe but pain,
Appear'd a vaſt, confus'd, unruly Train:
To head this Ruffian-Horde, from *Gallia* driv'n,
NAPOLEON! viler Ruffian far, was giv'n:
Fierce Deſolation marks his fatal way,
Nor *Alp* nor *Apennine* his courſe can ſtay;
Pale Horrour ſits on fair *Italia's* Shore,
And *Po's* wide ſtream o'erflows with human gore;
" *Livorno's* fainted Guardian† ſhrinks with dread;
Firenze's Lilly‡ droops her bluſhing head;

† ST. JULIA.
‡ A red Lilly in the arms of *Florence*.

Parthenope's ſweet ſtrains no longer flow,
And *Rome's* imperial Eagles ſhriek with woe."
He fought and conquer'd—Ere one moon had wan'd,
O'er *Rome* herſelf the youthful VICTOR reign'd;
Whilſt bord'ring States, fore-doom'd, alas, to fall,
Bow'd to the ſervile yoke of haughty *Gaul*.

With blood-ſtain'd laurels crown'd, to *France* return'd,
Again NAPOLEON's breaſt for carnage burn'd;
Till, Pow'r imperial op'ning on his ſight,
Each humbler thought ſoon urg'd its rapid flight.
Soon he reſolv'd the ſway ſupreme to gain,
And o'er ill-fated *France* deſpotic reign.
But Caution check'd what dire Ambition urg'd,
Nor yet the ſnake from covert graſs emerg'd.
With meek demeanour, and with down-caſt eye,
His plans he form'd—not Envy could deſcry
The hidden purpoſe of his ſoul, or trace
His ſecret meaſures in his well-maſk'd face.
At length compell'd by BARRAS' ruthleſs Band,
To pour his Legions on *Oſiris'* Land,
He ſtrove to form the baſis of his pow'r,
Nor waſte in vain parade the paſſing hour.

This

This done, to diſtant *Egypt's* ſhores he led
Gaul's barb'rous Sons, " fit body for fit head."

As when unguided Travellers deſcry
A deſert drear and vaſt before them lie,
Sudden they ſtop, and anxious pauſe a while,
To view, with mental eye, th' approaching toil;
Thus, the foreboding Muſe reſtrains her flight,
Nor ſprings advent'rous to the dazz'ling height,
But turns her mental eye to gory ſtreams,
And fields of war, where wide the falchion gleams;
In fancy hears the laſt expiring groan,
And pauſes ere ſhe make ſuch woes her own;
Ere ſhe with tow'ring wing attempt to ſoar,
And lead ſtrong Fancy to rich *Nilus'* ſhore.
But ah, vain hope, to ſoar on *Egypt's* plains,
Where Horrour dwells, and Death triumphant reigns!
For, like the fatal tree, in *Java* found,
Which ſpreads Deſtruction's venom wide around,
Which brings to earth the tenant of the ſkies,
A lifeleſs clod, this ſcene forbids to riſe.
Indulgent, then, forgive the trembling Muſe,
Her humble ſtrains and earth-born thonghts excuſe!

And ſhould Deſcription fail the truth to form,
In colours glowing, and expreſſions warm,
Shou'd her bold flight be check'd, to earth depreſt,
Let ſtrong Imagination paint the reſt.

On *Nilus'* ſhore arriv'd, NAPOLEON ſtrove
The direſt paſſions of his Bands to move;
He bade them ſpare nor Rank, nor Sex, nor Age,
But reck on all alike their barb'rous rage;
He bade them ſcorn the pray'r, the threat, the tear,
Nor pow'r divine or human deign to fear.
Soon their congenial Chief the Troops obey'd,
Soon from each ſcabbard flew the deadly blade;
From Town to Town th' Invaders bent their way,
And ſeem'd to dread no barrier but delay.
Here many a pale corſe ſtrew'd th' enſanguin'd ſhore,
There *Nile's* fair waters bluſh'd with human gore;
Rich plains where harveſts once were wont to wave,
Now prov'd, alas! th' invaded Army's grave.
Embattled Bands, commiſſion'd to deſtroy
The Swain's beſt hopes, and mar his deareſt joy;
Too well their taſk accompliſh'd, all they paſt
Became at once a deſolated waſte.

Soft

Soft Pity wept, and e'en Deſtruction ſat,
In ſilent wonder, on the field of Fate.

Courageous, loyal, *Jaffa* long withſtood
Th' aſſailant Hoſt, ſtill thirſting after blood;
Till preſs'd by Numbers, ſcourg'd by Famine's hand,
She bow'd reluctant to the *Gallic* Band;
Wide op'd her gates—with blood the falchion gleam'd—
Faſt fell her Sons—her ſtreets with carnage ſtream'd—
Yet, tho' by *Gallic* ſwords full many bled,
Part to their Prophet's ſacred Temples fled—
Then vain was fierce NAPOLEON's ſtern command
To dye with ſacrilege the Soldier's hand;
For, when the Vanquiſh'd ſought the hallow'd Dome,
Not War's fell rage cou'd Reaſon's light o'ercome;
The Victors pitied, and the fane rever'd,
Whilſt e'en their GEN'RAL's threats no more were fear'd—
Yet he reſolv'd to ſend the Pris'ner-Train,
Tho' now repriev'd, to Death's oblivious reign—
Too ſoon the means he found—with new delight
His viſage beam'd, as lightning ſtreaks the night.
Th' unconſcious Victims his vile Minions lead
From noxious dungeons to th' enamel'd mead;

Whilſt

Whilſt on a riſing ground his Soldiers ſtand,
Averſe, yet doom'd to ſlay this captive Band.
The ſignal clarion ſpeaks—ſwiſt-whirring fly
The leaden deaths—groans echo to the ſky!—
Not SATAN's ſelf, when EVE, with fatal hand,
Snatch'd the fair fruit, and brake the dread command,
Felt half the joy accurs'd NAPOLEON knew
When, from afar, he ſaw the cannon ſtrew
The crimſon'd plain with death, ſaw ſtreams of blood
Pour thro' the red'ning meads a vital flood.
Mid the fall'n Captives ſome ſcarce dead were found,
Tho' writhing with the varied mortal wound
This, *Gallia's* Sons, leſs cruel than their CHIEF,
Perceiv'd, and flew to give, by death, relief;
Yet long long time elaps'd ere, (dreadful ſpan!)
The ſword cou'd finiſh what the tube began.

From ſcenes like theſe tho' frighted Nature ſhrinks,
And ſick'ning Mem'ry trembles as ſhe thinks;
Tho' with juſt rage indignant Virtue ſwells,
And the Muſe ſhudders at the tale ſhe tells;
Yet muſt ſhe now, in horrour-breathing verſe
A deed of darker, deadlier ſtamp rehearſe;

Yet muſt ſhe paint a ſcene of deeper dye,
Whence Hell herſelf wou'd ſhrink, whence Fiends aſtounded fly.

Long had the Legions fought in *Gallia's* cauſe,
Her pow'r extending by fierce Conqueſt's laws;
Long the extremes of heat and cold had borne,
By dangers harraſs'd, and by labours worn;
Till ſtruck by Sickneſs' paralyſing hand,
Friendleſs and ſtarving in a foreign Land,
Their ſpirits ſank, grief moiſten'd ev'ry eye,
They ſeem'd the Sons of ſilent Miſery.—
This their fell LEADER ſaw, and quick deſign'd
The blackeſt crime that e'er diſgrac'd Mankind.

To One,* whoſe worth muſt live endear'd to Fame,
Whilſt deathleſs praiſe humanity can claim,
Firſt, by dark hints, his mind was op'd—at laſt,
(All ſhame diſcarded and all ſcruples paſt)
He bade this Man—(ſuch deeds can Heav'n excuſe?)
Poiſon, in ſweet delicious food, infuſe.
The Liſt'ner ſtarted, and, in mute ſurprize,
Fix'd on the guilty CHIEF his piercing eyes;

* DESGENETTES.

Till

Till Indignation, mantling on his cheek,
Urg'd him thus boldly with Truth's voice to ſpeak.

" Since thou'ſt reveal'd, in ſpite of Shame's controul,
The Fiend-like purpoſe of thy flinty ſoul,
Mark well my anſwer—mark it, and repent—
Nor breathe to other ears thy fell intent.
Here am I plac'd, (perhaps 'twas Heav'n's decree,)
By *Gallia's* ſapient Rulers under thee;
Here am I plac'd, to war 'gainſt dire Diſeaſe,
And bring each Suff'rer back to health and eaſe;
To ſooth the pangs of Thouſands, and to ſave
Our valiant Comrades from an early grave.
Shall I, then, *haſten* their impending doom?
Shall I *compel* their footſteps to the tomb?
Shall I forget my God, and arrogate
The pow'r of ſparing life, or dealing fate?
Periſh the impious thought!"——By Conſcience ſtung,
Napoleon anſwer'd not—guilt chain'd his tongue!
But Conſcience, heav'nly Maid, too ſoon reſign'd
Her tranſient empire o'er his harden'd mind;
Whilſt Fiends of darkneſs urg'd him to purſue
His black intent, and ev'ry fear ſubdue.

Yet

Yet was there found fit Inſtrument of ill,
" Whoſe poverty conſented—not his will :"—
This wretched Man, to murd'rous deeds unus'd,
With trembling hand the deathful drug infus'd,
And, ſhudd'ring, bade the famiſh'd Soldiers eat
The too alluring, too delicious meat !
With thoughtleſs haſte they ſnatch'd the opiate-food,
With grateful eyes th' o'erlooking CHIEF they view'd ;
But ſoon thoſe eyes they clos'd to ope no more,
Save on an unknown Realm, a happier ſhore,
Where no barbaric Fiends their pow'r employ
Firſt to delude Mankind, and then deſtroy.‡

SPIRIT OF JUSTICE ! ſhall ſo foul a deed
Paſs unreveng'd ?—ſhall not the MURD'RER bleed ?
Will not THY thunders——Indignation pauſe—
Nor dare to queſtion Heav'n's unerring laws !

This act complete, the CHIEF new-fram'd his courſe,
And led, with eager haſte, his ev'ry Force
To join thoſe Legions which, round *Acre's* wall,
Their lines had drawn, reſolv'd to work its fall.

‡ See SIR ROBERT WILSON, and *The revolutionary Plutarch.*

But *Acre*, guarded by a Patriot-Train
Of *Britain's* Sons who plough the ſubject main,
Gallia's proud Legions long had ſtorm'd in vain.
Firſt mid this Band of *Britiſh* Heroes ſhone
Intrepid SIDNEY, Valour's fav'rite Son!
He ſtrove to animate their gen'rous zeal,
He bade them brandiſh the defying ſteel,
The Soldier's duties with the Sailor's blend,
Contemn the num'rous Foe, and *Acre's* wall defend.
Nor cou'd NAPOLEON's utmoſt art ſucceed
To tempt our Warriours to th' embattled mead
And when the Town his ſkilful Troops aſſail'd,
Oppos'd to *Britiſh* proweſs nought avail'd.
At length the CHIEF, by fruitleſs toils depreſt,
Invokes Deſpair to animate his breaſt;
Reſolves ſome daring, deſp'rate mean to try,
And quickly conquer, or as quickly fly.
The mean is tried—but proves, like others, vain,
BRITANNIA's hardy SONS the Town maintain;
Whilſt envious Rage and Diſappointment urge
His ſecret paſſage thro' the foamy ſurge
To *Gallia's* ſhores, where, civil broils afford
A tempting harveſt to the Villain's ſword:—

Ambition's

Ambition's vaulting flame reſiſtleſs burns
Within his breaſt as ſwiſt towards *Gaul* he turns,
Leaving victorious SIDNEY to declare
The glorious iſſue of the *Syrian* war.

Heroic SIDNEY, hail! immortal Fame
To diſtant ages ſhall record thy name;
BRITANNIA's Genius to thy worth ſhall raiſe
A tow'ring monument of deathleſs praiſe,
And Honour's hand around thy temples braid
A wreath of laurel that can never fade!

CANTO II.

TRIUMPHANT, mid the varied ſpoils of war,
See crimſon CONQUEST whirl his plumy car!
On his ſtern brow the laurel'd helmet beams,
Wide from his hand a tatter'd Enſign ſtreams;
He caſts his trophies at BRITANNIA's feet,
Whilſt thus his words the martial Virgin greet:

" Behold that Banner! long believ'd by all
Yon flying Legions of preſumpt'ous *Gaul*
Invincible——behold the Vet'ran-Band,
Who wav'd that Banner o'er *Italia's* Land,
To thy bold Sons the palm of glory yield,
And proſtrate lie on *Afric's* blood-ſtain'd field!"

Thus he, exulting, ſpake, when hoary *Nile*
Submiſſive bow'd to *Albion's* diſtant Iſle—
Then all was joy—but joy, in ſcenes below,
Too oft' is mingled with the cry of woe.
The ſun of Vict'ry flam'd with dazz'ling light,
Yet ſoon was clouded o'er by Sorrow's Night,

For

For ABERCROMBIE fell——ſupremely brave,
He gain'd, in Honour's field, a glorious grave—
Whilſt Thouſands hem'd him in on ev'ry ſide,
Whilſt from his heart flow'd faſt the vital tide,
Each ſelfiſh dread of private danger loſt,
Dauntleſs he preſs'd upon the *Gallic* Hoſt;
With nervous arm ſtill dealt the deadly blow,
And hurl'd deſtruction on the trembling Foe:
He broke their ranks, he drove them from the plain,
And fix'd on *Egypt's* ſhore BRITANNIA's reign.
Exalted Chief! thy deeds, for ever great,
Will mock pale Envy's frown, and Age's date;
And when the Youth, who ſeeks in arms a name,
Shall aſk a model to direct his aim,
In rapture young, his hoary Sire ſhall cry—
"Like ABERCROMBIE live, like ABERCROMBIE die!"

Whilſt yet a Nation's grateful ſorrows flow,
Whilſt yet is heard the voice of public woe,
O let the Muſe a recent loſs deplore,
And mourn ANOTHER WARRIOUR, now no more!
Who, mid tumult'ous ſcenes of Indian ſtrife,
Like *Egypt's* Victor, conqueſt won with life;

A man in war ſo dreadful, yet ſo mild
When dove-ey'd Peace on his lov'd Country ſmil'd,
That o'er his tomb th' afflicted Virtues bend,
And weep the Patriot, Brother, Huſband, Friend!
E'en *Ganges'* ſwarthy Sons lament his fate,
As Men adore him, tho' as Foes they hate.
To worth like this, ſhall BRITONS then deny
The gen'rous tribute of one heart-felt ſigh?
No—he, a deathleſs monument ſhall find
Grav'd on the living tablet of each mind.

LORDS of the vanquiſh'd *Eaſt!* WHOSE hands have ſhed
Valour's juſt guerdon o'er th' heroic DEAD,
Thanks well-deſerv'd, in †MAXWELL'S name, receive;
'Tis all the Poet, all the Friend can give!

And thou, *Brigantium's* DUKE!* in WHOM combin'd,
Dwells ev'ry princely feeling of the mind;

† LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MAXWELL, who fell in India, in the glorious Battle of *Assye*, September 23, 1803.

Quidquid in illo amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus, manet, mansurumque est in animis hominum, in æternitate temporum, FAMA RERUM.
TACITUS.

* The ancient Name of *York*.

WHOSE kindred Spirit mourns the fallen Brave,
WHOSE pow'r has recompens'd beyond the grave;
O, cou'd the youthful Bard to THEE impart
The warm effuſions of a grateful heart,
Then ſhou'd'ſt THOU hear that praiſe to goodneſs due,
And own, tho' faintly ſketch'd, the portrait true!

Again, my Muſe, to hapleſs *Gallia* turn,
Gallia condemn'd a TYRANT'S ſway to mourn!
Let even-handed Juſtice temper Rage,
Let truth's bright luſtre beam thro' ev'ry page,
Let her this ruthleſs TYRANT'S paths purſue,
And bring his ev'ry thought to public view!
'Tis done!—Lo! vile Hypocriſy's diſguiſe
Falls, and reveals his heart to mortal eyes!
Thus fades the murky mantle of the Night
When ſaffron Morning ſtreaks the eaſt with light.

On *Gallic* Land arriv'd, NAPOLEON view'd,
With fated breaſt, the retroſpect of blood;
Whilſt fell Ambition's proſpects met his eye
Attractive, brilliant as the noon-day ſky,
Save, when the ſilent Monitor within
Wou'd ſpeak, to Fancy's ear, his courſe of ſin,

And urge this ſick'ning truth, that ſoon muſt come
The day when nought is left us but the tomb ;
When AN ALL-SEEING EYE will ſurely ſcan
The deeds, or good or bad, of trembling Man.
Theſe thoughts wou'd preſs ; but theſe cou'd ſcarce impa.
A tranſient ſting to his obdurate heart ;
For, 'ſpite of Earth and Heav'n, with daring hand,
He ſwore to graſp the enſigns of command,
Uſurp the reigns of empire, and advance
Deſpotic RULER of diſtracted *France.*
But ſtill this ſpecious Son of Darkneſs knew
Well to conceal his deep-laid plans from view
Beneath Compaſſion's garb ; to ſcatter woe,
Yet, by the act, ſome noble impulſe ſhow ;
To mould, as ſerv'd him beſt, the pliant State,
Yet ſeem to ſnatch it from the jaws of Fate ;
Nay, well he knew—(infernal ſkill!—) t'appear
Tho' barb'rous, pitying, and tho' falſe, ſincere.
Around the crouded Chamber of debate,
In which Suſpenſe, with equal balance, ſat,
He plac'd the Soldier-Minions of his pow'r,
To wait the iſſue of the coming hour ;

Then,

Then, ent'ring ſingly, with determin'd mien,
Approach'd the roſtrum, calmly view'd the ſcene,
And, whilſt each tongue was ſilenc'd by ſurpriſe,
He ſternly bade th' aſtounded Stateſmen riſe.
Quick, as he ſpake, their daggers gleam'd around,
But, quicker ſtill, his Soldiers entrance found;
Thus, (conteſt impotent, remonſtrance vain)
The Stateſmen paſs'd, a ſullen, ſilent Train!
So did bold CROMWELL ſeize the rod of ſway,
(When CHARLES to Rebel-force a Victim lay;)
So did he, ſternly pointing to the door,
Command our Senators to meet no more.

This deed atchiev'd, NAPOLEON rules o'er all
The former Tyrants of devoted *Gaul*;
Yet rules not willing Slaves, for oft' a groan,
Leſt they ſhou'd make *Egyptia's* griefs their own,
Breaks on the gloomy DESPOT's ſtartled ear,
And mingles with his cup the dregs of fear.
But ſoon he drowns the plaintive voice of woe
By gaudy pageants and theatric ſhow;
Soon tempts the light *Pariſians* to advance,
And join the mazes of the merry dance;

Commands

Commands the muſic of the ſportive lyre
To baniſh thought, and laughing joy inſpire;
And bids the viol, and the ſoft-ton'd lute,
The tinkling cymbal, and the mellow flute,
The breaſt of dull Deſpair herſelf to warm—
Where is the Wretch ſweet muſic cannot charm?

Well-pleas'd, NAPOLEON ſaw his ſcheme complete,
Saw Tyranny and Joy together meet;
Saw his gay Subjects ſnatch the paſſing hour,
And triumph'd in the fullneſs of his pow'r.
But guilty Greatneſs, curſt e'en here below,
Virtue's fair Handmaid, Peace can never know;
This, the proud CONSUL found—for ſcarcely gain'd
His giddying height, his long-form'd wiſh attain'd,
When Death's keen ſhafts, with deſp'rate fury hurl'd,
Eſſay'd to plunge him in an unknown World.
By Patriot-Breaſts, which heav'd with juſt diſdain,
At *Gallia's* tame ſubmiſſion to his reign,
A dread machine was fram'd—diſaſtrous plan!
Since Heav'n decreed his crimes a longer ſpan.
In a ſequeſter'd ſtreet, conceal'd from view,
By none ſuſpected, ſave a choſen few,

This dread machine was plac'd, ſurcharg'd with fate,
Th' unconſcious Tyrant's near approach to wait:
He came, but ſafely paſs'd—exploded high,
The iron globes ruſh'd whizzing thro' the ſky;
They flam'd—they fell—they ſcatter'd inſtant death—
Then did ſweet Innocence reſign her breath,
Whilſt blackeſt Guilt eſcap'd!—Man, weak and vain,
Dare not, O dare not Heav'n's decrees arraign!
But meekly view, in that eventful hour,
Th' unerring hand of an ALMIGHTY POW'R,
WHO deigns, for ends beyond our ken, to ſpread
HIS ample buckler o'er NAPOLEON'S head.

Uninjur'd—to the domes of ſtate return'd,
The CONSUL'S breaſt with fierce reſentment burn'd—
Revenge he vow'd—nor brake the vow once made—
Too ſoon he bar'd the executing blade;
And in his real ſhape unbluſhing ſtood,
Sordid, ſuſpicious, thirſting after blood.

SUSPICION! eldeſt Progeny of Hell,
I mark thy meagre form, thy viſage fell;

Thy

Thy creeping ſtep, thy eager lynx-like eyes,
The dagger which within thy mantle lies;
The hoſt of Fears which all thy paths attend,
And the keen torments which thy boſom rend.
Thou com'ſt—and ſmiling Peace for ever flies;
Black Phantoms from her parting footſteps riſe!
Thou look'ſt—fair Friendſhip wings her Seraph-flight,
And Love flees ſwift, diſguſted at thy ſight;
Thou ſpeak'ſt—and Envy, Malice, Hatred ſcowl,
Enflame the paſſions, darken all the ſoul—
Thou, like a fever, burn'ſt with deadly heat,
And tear'ſt weak Reaſon from her tott'ring ſeat;
Thy vengeance falls alike on Friends and Foes,
Thou know'ſt not, nor can ever know repoſe.
Full oft', curſt Demon! at thy gory ſhrine,
NAPOLEON bows, and owns thy pow'r divine.
The crouded priſons, each ſucceeding day,
Are op'd their tributary blood to pay:
Some Victims, ſentenc'd in the mine's dank womb
To toil unceaſing, find an early tomb;
Others are doom'd to pine in endleſs night,
Mid loathſome dungeons far remov'd from light;

And others forc'd to leave their native ſhore,
To view their Friends and Families no more,
No more to taſte the ſweet delights of home,
But o'er uncultur'd waſtes lone Exiles roam.
And leſt ſome hand, ſtrong-nerv'd with patriot-zeal,
Should draw, in *Gallia's* cauſe, th' avenging ſteel,
Circaſſian ſquadrons hem the CHIEF around,
That CHIEF, once val'rous, but who now is found
To dread a look, and tremble at a ſound.

As when a bark, by furious whirlwinds torn,
Has long, at random, o'er the deep been borne,
Her harraſs'd Crew, of ev'ry gale the ſport,
Pant to behold and reach the wiſh'd-for Port;
Thus *France*, alike diſtreſs'd by foreign wars,
Tyrannic rule, and dire domeſtic jars,
With ardour longs to bid Contention ceaſe,
And moor her veſſel in the port of Peace:
Nor longs in vain—for well NAPOLEON knows
His curule chair is compaſs'd round with Foes,
Whom Peace alone can quell—to woo the Maid
Behold his ſubtleſt energies diſplay'd.

BRITANNIA liſtens—ſuff'ring Nature ſmiles,
VULCAN awhile repoſes from his toils;
Diſcord is bound by Charity's ſtrong chain,
Sweet Peace reſumes o'er earth her halcyon reign,
Whilſt Plenty, by the hand of Commerce led,
Once more uprears her long dejected head.

Again NAPOLEON triumphs—ev'ry Foe,
Who fought to lay his new-graſp'd ſceptre low,
Is fled—loud-echoing ſhouts of grateful praiſe
His toil-worn Subjects to their RULER raiſe;
Whilſt Monarchs, trembling at his wide-ſtretch'd ſway,
With adulation's voice their homage pay;
His dread decrees with tame compliance hear,
Nay, bend beneath their rod from ſelfiſh fear.
And as the waves their ſteady progreſs keep
O'er the green boſom of the briny deep,
'Till from remoteſt *India's* ſhores they roll
To unknown lands beneath the northern Pole,
Thus, fierce NAPOLEON's pow'r, from State to State,
Extends, 'till o'er the world his word is fate,
Save where BRITANNIA's enſigns proudly fly,
And *Gallic* pow'r, and *Gallic* craft defy.

Behold the Swiss, who, mid eternal ſnow,
Stranger to wealth, alike unknown to woe,
From dire ambition free, and civil ſtrife,
Holds the plain tenour of his blameleſs life;
Sweet is his reſt, he riſes with the day,
Gay as the lark, and innocent as gay;
From morn to eve he hews the rugged wood,
Or, o'er the mountain hunts his daily food;
And when grey Twilight bids bright Sol retire,
Joins his lov'd houſehold round their cheerful fire,
Where ſweet domeſtic joy, (on this ſide Heav'n
The pureſt happineſs to Mortals giv'n,)
Unclouded reigns, and fills his guileleſs mind
With melting charity for all Mankind.—
Yet, when NAPOLEON wide has ſtretch'd his reign
O'er *Holland's* ſhores, and fair *Italia's* plain,
Bent the proud *Spaniard* to his will, and broke
The ſluggiſh *German* to his galling yoke,
His eyes he turns to the poor Herdſman's cot,
And envies *Switzerland* her peaceful lot;
Nay, draws relentleſs the deep-bluſhing blade
Her unoffending hamlets to invade.

What Fury ſways thy fierce, inhuman breaſt,
And ſtamps thee, gloomy TYRANT, Fiend confeſt?
Canſt thou not ſpare the ſpot where loves to dwell
Meek Virtue's ſelf, the Peaſant's lowly cell?
Think'ſt thou *Helvetia's* Offspring will behold
Their country ravag'd, their poſſeſſions ſold;
Nor graſp the ſword to guard their little all,
And bravely vanquiſh, or as bravely fall?
Soon do'ſt thou find this ſlender Patriot-Band
Prepar'd thy dire invaſion to withſtand—
But numbers conquer—and the rocky ſpace,
Where Freedom long has held the foremoſt place,
Becomes a RUFFIAN-DESPOT's helpleſs prey.
Mourn, *Gallia*, mourn that curſt diſgraceful day!
The wretched SWISS, tho' hem'd around with Foes,
Boldly lament their proſtrate Country's woes,
And, raging, ſpurn their chains—with ſhame replete,
Thouſands reſolve to leave their native ſeat,
And ſeek, on foreign ſhores, ſome ſhelt'ring cell
Where, in ſweet Freedom's arms, they yet may dwell.
But O, what ſighs their tortur'd boſoms heave,
When their lov'd Country, once ſo bleſt, they leave!

Let Fancy's eye behold, from ſome tall brow,
A hoary Herdſman view the Vale below—
Hark, how he mournful cries—" Bleſt Land, adieu !
For the laſt time this ſcene ador'd I view—
Behold yon tufted trees—there ſtood my cot—
Fierce Deſolation now has mark'd the ſpot ;
There fled my earlieſt days, thoſe days of joy,
Thoſe hours of bliſs untainted by alloy !—
Behold the tree, it ſtands e'en now the ſame,
On which, in ruſtic pride, I carv'd my name !
Beneath yon aged oak, which ſtill uprears
Its giant head, and mocks the lapſe of years,
Oft' did I lead the dance, what time on high
The moon majeſtic rode along the ſky ;
There did I tell the tender tale of love,
And there, with her I worſhip'd, us'd to rove ;
When, bleſt with all my ſoul held dear below,
I knew no crime, nor ever taſted woe.
But earthly bliſs is tranſient—ſorrow came,
And quench'd, for ever quench'd joy's ſhort-liv'd flame.
Our only child, who, with his Cherub-ſmiles,
Was wont to cheer us in our daily toils,

Th' Invaders murder'd—impotent to ſave,
I bore him bleeding to the ſilent grave—
And as misfortunes, ſuch the will of Heav'n,
Seldom, to Human-kind, are ſingly giv'n,
My Wife, ſweet Partner of my ev'ry care!
Bent 'neath th' o'erwhelming load of mute Deſpair;
And as an earth-worm gnaws the beauteous roſe,
Cank'ring each tender bloſſom as it blows,
Till unperceiv'd it haſtens to decay,
Hangs its afflicted head and dies away;
So, when deep ſorrow prey'd upon her bloom,
She inward pin'd, and ſank into the tomb.
I ſaw the deadly tortures of her ſoul,
I ſaw the bitter tear unbidden roll,
I heard the deep-drawn ſigh, but half ſuppreſt,
I mark'd the dreadful heavings of her breaſt—
Dire was the ſtruggle—many a live-long night
Her pangs, which like her virtues ſhun'd the light,
Burſt forth without controul—yet morn aroſe
And found her calm and patient in her woes.
The laſt dread ſtruggle came—the hour drew nigh
When clos'd for ever was her tearful eye;

Yet, ere her ſpirit took its final flight
To gain, on Seraph-wings, the Realms of light,
She preſs'd my hand and cried—" Weep not for me!
My tow'ring Spirit ſhortly will be free,
And mid refulgent Hoſts of Angels rove
To find our Darling in the World Above.
Yet one ſharp pang aſſails my freezing heart—
From thee, my Beſt-Belov'd, from thee to part!—
But thou wilt follow—I will point the way,
And guide thy ſteps to everlaſting day.
Forget me not, when the cold hand of Death
Has ſtop'd, as ſoon it muſt, my ſhort'ning breath;
For I have lov'd thee, and I love thee now
As when I made my willing, nuptial vow;
Farewell, my Love!"—The fault'ring accents hung
On her parch'd lips, and died upon her tongue.

Now a ſad Exile, aged and forlorn,
From ev'ry tie of fond affection torn,
I leave my native mountains, far to roam,
And ſeek on foreign Land my laſt long home.
But if, *Helvetia*, time ſhou'd ever part
Thy much-lov'd image from my aching heart,

If I prefer not theſe rude rocks that riſe
In hoary grandeur 'bove th' inclement ſkies,
E'en to thoſe climes where ſpring eternal reigns,
And with perpetual verdure decks the plains,
May Heav'n forget me in my feeble age,
Nor guide my footſteps thro' life's laſt drear ſtage!
Lov'd rocks, farewell! theſe hapleſs eyes no more
Shall your deep clefts and wond'rous grots explore—
Again farewell!"—Strong ſobs his boſom heave,
Big tears fall faſt upon his tatter'd ſleeve;
And, as his feet adown the mountain wind,
" He caſts one longing, ling'ring look behind."

Helvetia's CONQU'ROUR! if thou canſt behold
Such mis'ries as the ſorrowing Muſe has told,
Nor breathe one tender, one repentant ſigh,
Nor let one iron tear bedew thine eye,
There's not a curſe—But hold!—Invective's vain!
Let the vile WRETCH purſue his impious reign—
Then, mark his end—then, hear his groans ariſe,
Polluted incenſe to the frowning ſkies—
Then, mark the tortures of his mind, and trace
Their ſharpneſs in his wild, diſtorted face—

Tortures

Tortures to which, thoſe pains that Poets tell
PROMETHEUS ſuffers in the depths of Hell,
Whilſt vultures rend his entrails, are as nought ;
Tortures too ſtrong to bear, too much for thought !
Behold the death-bed of this mighty Man,
When, to its utmoſt goal, his race is ran ;
And then muſt Pity, ſpite of juſtice, warm
Each feeling Breaſt, and Rage herſelf diſarm ;
Then muſt we cry, whilſt ſoften'd Nature bleeds—
" May ſuch pangs expiate e'en his blackeſt deeds !"

CANTO III.

SEE! from the deepeſt, darkeſt gulphs of Hell,
DISCORD burſts forth, with horrour-breathing yell;
Infuriate, ſee! her new-forg'd chain ſhe breaks;
A blazing torch in either hand ſhe takes;
Her flaming eye-balls widely glare around,
With deadly ſcorpions are her temples bound;
She ſtalks in tatter'd blood-ſtain'd robes array'd,
Whilſt from her boſom gleams the murd'rous blade.
Hark, how ſhe frantic laughs! then, ſhrieking loud,
From their dank dungeons calls a griſly Crowd.
In haſte BELLONA mounts her gory car,
"Cries, havock! and lets ſlip the dogs of War."
The Furies ſwift obey their kindred Queen,
And Death, grim-ſmiling, bounds the dreadful ſcene.
DISCORD tranſported, bids each bleſſing ceaſe,
And burſts the bands of Charity and Peace;
Then cries, exulting—"Fiends of Hell, advance!
Deſtruction calls us to the ſhores of France;
Thence ſhall my direſt thunder-bolts be hurl'd,
And ſcatter mis'ry o'er a groaning World."

She

She ſmiles malign—Th' obedient Band of Night
To *Gallia's* empire wing their baleful flight;
There DISCORD rears on high her ſnaky creſt,
And darts its venom at NAPOLEON's breaſt.
Strait he reſolves BRITANNIA to provoke,
Unſheathe the ſword, and bend her to his yoke;
Calls her unfaithful, arrogant, and baſe,
And vows extermination to her Race.
WHITWORTH, on thee, in inſolence of pow'r,
He pour'd his goading taunts each paſſing hour;
Nay, dar'd revile thy KING—Man, ever vain,
Oft' looks with ſcorn on Worth he cannot gain!
But thou, humanely cautious, wiſely cool,
Did'ſt all thy wounded feelings nobly rule,
Till *Albion* bade thy long-pent anger flow,
And once again proclaim her *Gallia's* Foe.

BRITANNIA now, with a reluctant hand,
Roots up the olive which had bleſs'd the Land
So lately——honeſt indignation fires
Her hardy Sons—one patriot-wiſh inſpires
Each ardent Breaſt, her ſpotleſs fame to guard,
And give injurious *France* a juſt reward.

The gen'rous Maſtiff thus, will lamb-like prove,
If tam'd by gentleneſs, and ſooth'd by love;
But uſe him harſhly, quick his paſſions riſe,
And all the lion flaſhes from his eyes.

NAPOLEON's vaſt flotillas, at one blow,
Now threat to lay BRITANNIA's ſceptre low;
His camps wide-ſpreading line the ſea-beat coaſt,
And thus proclaim aloud their empty boaſt:
"Let Æolus reſtrain his fiercer pow'rs,
And, ere two ſuns deſcend, proud *Albion* ſhall be ours!"
Vap'ring how vain!—ſhou'd *Gallia* print this Land,
A ſword wou'd brighten in each *Britiſh* hand,
Hurl quick deſtruction at th' Invader's head,
And heap th' embattl'd ſhore with mounds of Dead.

YE, who, compell'd by no coercive laws,
Stand forth the Champions of your Country's cauſe,
WHO, ſkill'd to raiſe the dome or till the field,
By Freedom taught the ſword of warfare wield;
WHO erſt, when *Gallia* threaten'd to invade,
Beat the dull plough-ſhare to the bick'ring blade;

WHO, whilſt your hearts heav'd high with patriot zeal,
Swore to protect BRITANNIA's noble weal;
To YOU, the Muſe her votive off'ring brings,
To YOU, the youthful Poet boldly ſings;
And cou'd one ſpark of that celeſtial flame
Which guides YOUR footſteps to immortal fame,
Theſe languid ſtrains with patriot warmth inſpire,
" And raiſe to extacy the living lyre,"
Then, ſhou'd my hand courageous ſweep the ſtring,
And all YOUR worth and all YOUR valour ſing;
Then, if theſe ſtrains ſhou'd live, might diſtant ſhores
From *Tanais'* ſtream to where wide *Ganges* pours,
Imbibe YOUR ſpirit, loud YOUR praiſe proclaim,
And unborn Ages deify YOUR name.
As the gay luſtre of the morning light
Tranſcends the brightneſs of the Queen of Night,
As the reſplendant ſun's meridian blaze
Tranſcends the humble taper's modeſt rays,
So does a Warriour who *ſpontaneous* arms
To ſhield his native ſoil from War's alarms,
Surpaſs thoſe Soldiers who, *compell'd*, advance
Unwilling Champions of tyrannic *France*.

Can

Can Soldiers ſo compell'd by hated laws
To draw the ſword in an USURPER's cauſe,
Can they 'gainſt Men who fight for more than life,
A Friend belov'd, a Child, a faithful Wife,
Can they 'gainſt Men thus trebbly arm'd ſucceed?
Can they ſuch Men to abject bondage lead?
Wou'd BRITONS ſee the PRINCE their hearts obey,
The gracious ALFRED of this latter day—
Diſtraction's in the thought!—ſlow drag the chain
Beneath a foreign Deſpot's hateful reign;
In feeble age condemn'd perhaps to groan,
Mid dungeons dank, unfriended, and alone?
Wou'd they behold their Daughters torn away
To foreign Realms, their Wives the Ruffians' prey;
Their ſmiling paſtures to a deſert turn'd,
Their Ports diſmantled, and their Cities burn'd?
No—not till *Britain's* Navies ceaſe to reign
Triumphant o'er the ſubjugated main,
Not till old *Thames* ſhall pour a crimſon flood,
And all his banks o'erflow with human blood,
Shall *Gaul* ſucceed—and then, like him, whoſe blade
Gor'd the fair boſom of the Roman Maid,

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Swore to protect BRITANNIA's noble weal;
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)eep

The Sons of *Britain*, rather than behold
Their Wives polluted, and their Children ſold,
Wou'd plunge them headlong in the roaring wave,
Then, deſp'rate fight, till the wide-yawning grave
Shou'd ev'ry Man from *Gallic* bondage ſave.

As the ſtrong veſſel which the wild winds urge
Sweeps in proud grandeur o'er the foamy ſurge,
And whilſt huge billows laſh her thick-ribb'd ſides,
Secure within herſelf uninjur'd rides,
So, *Britain* braves each furious gaſconade,
And, ſtrong within herſelf, demands no foreign aid.
Soon is NAPOLEON taught our wrath to dread,
Soon are our Fleets before his harbours ſpread;
His armies vainly threat to croſs the deep,
His vaſt Flotillas in their Ports we keep;
His commerce ceaſes, and his coffers fail,
Whilſt murmurs vex him, and dark plots aſſail.
Foil'd in his fav'rite plan, 'gainſt foreign Foes,
Yet thirſting ſtill for blood, his anger roſe
'Gainſt the ſmall Remnant of the BOURBON Line,
Whoſe faireſt Branch, at Hell-born Murder's ſhrine,

He ſought to immolate—th' hiſtoric page
Records not, in the moſt barbaric age,
A crime ſo hateful, yet enlighten'd *France*
Allows her gloomy TYRANT to advance
This further ſtep in ill, and brave ENGHEIN,
Whoſe breaſt was ſpotleſs Virtue's choſen fane,
By arts e'en Fiends might bluſh at, to enſnare,
On neutral ground, beneath a Sov'reign's care.
Shame on the Prince who thus is Treach'ry's Tool!
Shame on the People who endure his rule!

As SATAN's ſelf oft' wiſhes to appear
In ſemblance winning, and in honour clear,
So fell NAPOLEON ſeeks ſome ſpecious plea
To varniſh Murder—foul Conſpiracy
He feigns at work, ſwears ENGHEIN is her Chief,
And claims, from *Gallic* juſtice, quick relief.
Yes—if firm fealty to a lawful Lord
Can merit dungeons, tortures, and the ſword,
ENGHEIN deſerv'd his fate, and all the Brave,
Who periſh'd with him, met a well-earn'd grave.

Deep night prevail'd—Nature, with trembling hand,
Shock'd by this deed of horrour, o'er the Land
Her blackeſt mantle threw—the deep-mouth'd bell
Toll'd heavy, for it toll'd a Hero's knell.—
By the dim taper's glimmer, forth was led
The youthful Victim, ſoon to join the Dead.
Silence reign'd aweful, ſave when Zephyr's breath
In ſighs obtruded on this ſcene of death.
Italia's Soldiers hem'd ENGHEIN around;
He look'd; no GAUL amid the Band he found,
Then cried—" High Heav'n, I thank thee! for, this time,
My Countrymen have 'ſcap'd a damning crime,
Since I by foreign hands ſhall fall."—This ſaid,
The Murd'rers fir'd—the Prince's ſpirit fled.

Ill-fated Youth, farewell! tho' ſculptor'd buſt
And trophied urn are rais'd not o'er thy duſt,
Thy name ſhall live; and oft', when penſive Night
Has chas'd the dazz'ling day-ſtar's gariſh light,
Gallia's admiring Sons ſhall ſeek thy grave,
Drop virtuous tears, and cry—" HERE LIES THE BRAVE!"

Nor leſs, O PICHEGREU, ſhall thy fate remain
On fell NAPOLEON an eternal ſtain;

Since

Since Truth indignant fears not to reveal
The ſecret murder he wou'd fain conceal.

Had'ſt thou, MOREAU, but borne a nobler part,
And ſpoke thoſe thoughts which mark a Hero's heart,
Then, wou'd true Patriots ſtill thy worth revere,
And hand it down, to future ages dear.
Why forfeit fame to win a ſhort reprieve?
Diſgrac'd, condemn'd thy native Land to leave,
Soon will thy ſpirit be by Treach'ry ſent
Where thy more noble Comrades freely went.

Tho' laſt not leaſt, bleſt Shade of GEORGES ariſe,
And ſhine in noon-tide ſplendour on our eyes!
Thou, tho' impriſon'd in a Tyrant's pow'r,
Expos'd to taunts and tortures ev'ry hour,
Didſt ſcorn his rebel-rule, and, day by day,
For thy true Monarch's reſtoration pray;
E'en Freedom's ſelf, by mean ſubmiſſion earn'd,
At an USURPER's feet, thy virtue ſpurn'd;
Nay, when at length the fatal morn was come
When thou wert ſentenc'd to the ſilent tomb,

With ſaint-like calmneſs, with undaunted mien,
Thy eyes beheld the horrour-kindling ſcene,
To Heav'n thy thoughts, by Fervour wing'd, aroſe,
Nor aſk'd for vengeance on thy murd'rous Foes;
And, as thy boſom preſs'd the block of death,
" GOD ſhield my King !" thou ſaid'ſt—then ſwiftly fled thy breath.
Heroic GEORGES ! till time exiſt no more,
Shall ev'ry loyal Heart thy name adore.

DISCORD's curſt woof is wove, her work complete;
The blood of BOURBONS bathes NAPOLEON'S feet!
But fell HYPOCRISY, his earlieſt Guide,
The Helmſman who, thro' Fortune's changeful tide,
His vent'rous veſſel ſteer'd to Empire's goal,
With new and deeper guilt pollutes his ſoul.

Decades full long had occupied the place
Which erſt a weekly ſabbath ſerv'd to grace;
Each ſeventh day too much was deem'd for Heav'n,
Each tenth ſuffic'd, and grudgingly was giv'n.
But conſcious that the bold, excurſive mind,
In Fealty's bands no human laws can bind,

Unaided

Unaided by Religion's potent ſway,
NAPOLEON bids his People learn to pray,
And once more give to GOD each ſeventh day;
The ſacred Croſs with ardour ſtrives to raiſe,
Commands the Prieſts to celebrate his praiſe;
Nay dares himſelf, amid the Monkiſh Train,
Approach THE KING OF KINGS' neglected Fane.
He varies quick, ungoaded by Remorſe,
Religion's garb, as Fortune turns her courſe;
Thus, warring on *Oſiris'* blood-ſtain'd ſhore,
The Creſcent, as a ſpecious maſk, he wore,
Became a Muſſulman in proceſs due,
Stamp'd on the Croſs, and ſwore the Koran true;
To *Gaul* return'd, the Croſs he can revere,
In outward ſhow a Catholic auſtere;
Yet be—O need the Muſe the reſt narrate?
An Infidel, whoſe only GOD is Fate.
Thus the Camelion, ſporting in the ſhade,
Appears in garb of grateful green array'd,
Beams with bright yellow in the ſunny ray,
But ſtill in fact retains its native grey.

Each Rival vanquiſh'd, by the weak decree
Of a weak Senate, falſely titled free,

Behold the wily CORSICAN advance
Acknowledg'd EMP'ROUR of degen'rate *France.*
Aided by foreign Myrmidons, array'd
In all the ermin'd pomp of vain parade,
He comes—his abject Senate crowd around,
Bow at his feet, and meanly kiſs the ground;
Then, as the Paraſites obſequious riſe,
Extol his worth, and laud him to the ſkies.
Next, ſtruggling with Diſeaſe, bow'd down by years,
The Monarch of the triple Crown appears,
(From Life, and all her tinſel glare, unwean'd,)
To ſanction Guilt, to dignify a Fiend!

Spirits of Papal Fathers! ye, whoſe throne
Erſt 'bove the proudeſt temp'ral Monarch's ſhone,
Who, at your footſtool ſaw ſubſervient Crowns,
By ſmiles who pardon'd, and who damn'd by frowns,
Behold your Succeſſor, to virtue dead,
Anoint this vile, this ARCH-APOSTATE's head!
Can ye repreſs your grief, your ſcorn, your rage,
Nor blot the impious deed from CLIO's page?

The Prieſthood now, this black example giv'n,
By pray'rs unhallow'd tempt the wrath of Heav'n,

NAPOLEON'S

NAPOLEON's eulogy unbluſhing ſing,
And bid the Temples with Hoſannahs ring.
Yet, tho' his brow a diadem adorns,
Th' USURPER finds it thickly ſet with thorns;
His word is pledg'd Deſtruction's ſhafts to pour
At frowning *Albion's* ocean-guarded ſhore—
" Set on !" he cries—his Navies crowd the Port,
His Legions thicken in the Camp and Fort;
BRITANNIA's ſceptre muſt become his own,
Or *France* may hurl him from his new-rais'd throne.
Fearful alternative ! for if he dare
Inſult our confines with the din of War,
He falls—and who his after-fate can tell?—
It fits not Man on ſuch a thought to dwell.
Thus, when a Sailor off *Calabria's* ſhore,
Hears *Scylla* and *Charibdis* near him roar,
In ſilent terrour o'er the prow he bends,
Deſtruction threats, for Death on both attends.

Whilſt dread Suſpenſe, worſt torture Guilt can know!
Converts NAPOLEON's every joy to woe,
Let us, in conſcious virtue firmly bold,
His fam'd Flotillas and ſtrong Camps behold.

See!

See! flow-deſcending from celeſtial ſpheres,
Mild UNANIMITY's fair Form appears!
Her placid brow the palm and olive bind,
Round her white wand two ſerpents ſleep entwin'd;
Worth, Wiſdom, Valour, her ſweet voice obey!
And Conqueſt follows where ſhe leads the way;
O'er *Albion's* ſhores, behold, ſhe waves her wand,
To *Albion's* ſhores conducts her willing Band—
The clarion ſounds—an adamantine chain
She throws around BRITANNIA's Warriour-Train,
That Warriour-Train, who, fir'd by patriot-zeal,
Spontaneous ſwore with life to guard BRITANNIA's weal.

GOD of our Fathers! hear thy Suppliant's pray'r!
O make THIS NATION thy peculiar care!
And when the battle flames, when, thro' the ſky,
The leaden deaths in loud-tongue'd vollies fly,
From us avert them, turn them on our Foes,
And, to their might, THY mightier arm oppoſe!
For thoſe Protectors of their Country's laws
Whom thou ſhalt doom to periſh in her cauſe,
O may their blood that grateful country ſave,
May they obtain th' ambition of the Brave,
A crown that fadeth not in Realms beyond the grave!

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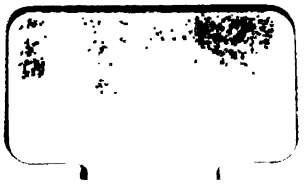
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